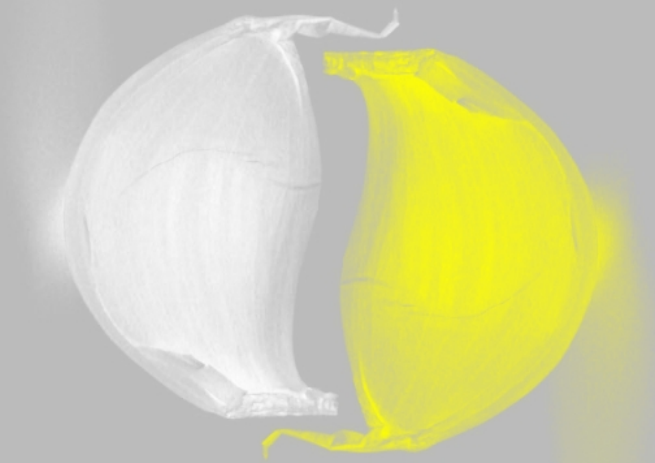
moongarlic e-zine



Issue: 4

moongarlic E-zine

contemporary words & art

Editors
Sheila Windsor
Brendan Slater

Uncredited Artwork
Ink on paper: Sheila Windsor

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why I don't like tulips in one breath

FAY AOYAGI

re-viewed

King K)long

South Pathetique

Bent Hurt

Star Worse

Wizard of Ahs

Sound of Muslix

Jung Frankenstein

Greasonable

Casablanket

The Incredible Sulk

LEROY GORMAN

Rainbow

banana skin
in the trash bag
my lost button

stop signs
in the back of a pickup—
the lurch when the light changes

not seeing the green wheat
till that one
red barn

impatient schoolkids—
pink tulips sway to a different rhythm
than the red ones

squeezing orange peels
by the candle flame—
sparks of smell

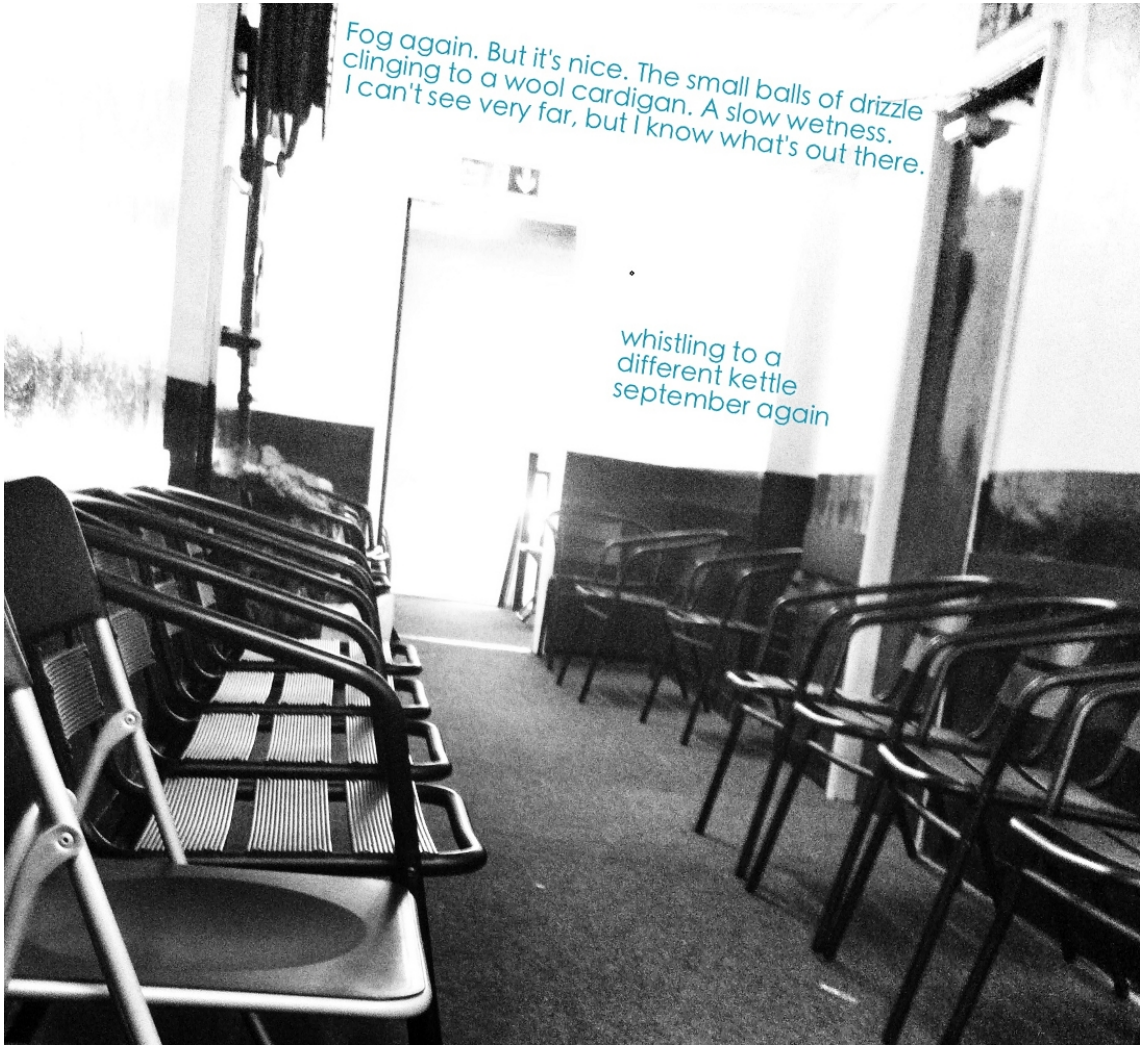
orange sky—
the clouds seem to be fading
movie-black

the black-and-white movie
reaches a climax—
slurp of soda

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

returning my stare
the naked mannequin

PAUL DAVID MENA


Fog again. But it's nice. The small balls of drizzle
clinging to a wool cardigan. A slow wetness.
I can't see very far, but I know what's out there.
whistling to a
different kettle
september again

CHRIS DOMINICZAK

hold me closer
and you will hear
the ocean

PAUL DAVID MENA

patriarchy toxins banned in the last century

fundamnentalism

LEROY GORMAN

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child
lying
hand
to
mouth

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

guarding
the abandoned silver mine
a one-eyed cat

PAUL DAVID MENA

an interpreter needed for his winter loneliness

FAY AOYAGI

moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 4

hospice pine pollen underscores a green whisper

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

Phrygian mode:
world enough to live in

LARRY KIMMEL

tHe blUES

LEROY GORMAN

once upon a time, perhaps,

but now too old to believe
in soul-mates

home,
a yellow window
on a winter's night

LARRY KIMMEL

halls of residence
thedoorsthedoors

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

she tells me she's close—
that faraway look

PAUL DAVID MENA

Lost Innocence

Remember when?
Remember when we were kids?
Remember when we were kids and we ate watermelon?
Remember when we were kids and we ate watermelon and without hesitation we swallowed its seeds, with the belief that those seeds would magically grow inside our bellies and sprout back up through our mouths morphing into the most fantastical dreamland where we felt safe and would decide to live eternally knowing the boogeyman could never touch us again?

mononucleosis he beats me bloody for being sick

volition a shadow cast after brokenness

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

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the codeine kicks in
whales sing
in the broken
too

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

roadside prayer
crows levitate

the skeleton bag

CHERIE HUNTER DAY

MICHAEL DYLAN WELCH

chry
sa
lis
turn
ing
in
to
some
one
i'm
not

SHLOKA SHANKAR

unable to articulate any further the ocean

BRENT GOODMAN

between drugs the gun in my head

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

wind chill advisory—
I show her
my death poems

PAUL DAVID MENA

withdrawal
snorting
shadows

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

wrought iron dream
its cafe table as black
as your hair once was
back before I knew
not to say the J in Jung

AUTUMN N. HALL

borderline comfort the doctor's habit

HELEN BUCKINGHAM

snapdragons . . .
the shape of his name
on my lips

JULIE WARTHER

Washed Hands

In memory of Anthony Tinnion 20/9/83 ~ 17/9/13

This bus journey drags. The day creeps up and weighs heavy on my eyelids. I drift out the window. He walks like you. My stare follows him as the bus moves on.

We play fight. You drive your elbow into my ribs. I'm stunned by the feral laugh at my pain. That same laugh illuminated by the flame you sent at me with a lighter and an aerosol. In tears you try to justify your actions towards her. She sat opposite whilst I wailed at you. That photo of us as kids, staring from the mantel piece. You copying my pose. I can hear that voice telling you to stand like Chris.

fire alarm
we become each
other's silence

You stood an inch above me. That inch sunk into my shoulder when I hugged you. Shaving your head, I became lost in a patchwork of scars. You turned up at my door with borrowed money and a pocket watch...occupied that cold corner of my bed for days. By the telephone, your number in biro on a torn bit of paper. It had been four years and I would leave it another four.

In the funeral parlour I touched your head and it didn't fight back. Then, I was afraid to wash my hands.

blossom shade
arteries clog with
your song

special note ~ a written version of this was cast out to sea in a bottle on the 20/9/14. The day would have been Anthony's 31st birthday. Along with this piece, personal messages from Lisa Wood, Bradley Wood and Dusana Kaur Dominiczak were set adrift.

chris dominiczak '14

tasting rust
alone in the field
of autumn leaves
cloud talk . . .
sequencing the DNA
of dragons

MARK E. BRAGER

veil tail koi merging into one mind

BRENT GOODMAN

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possessed

your hands are still yours to control and you write 'hate' on the left one and mean it, then a wobbly 'love' on the right and wonder what the thumbs are for.

after the injection she's real again

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

asking Death
what he'd like to see
before
he closes
my eyes

AUTUMN N. HALL

a bag of them
figs
without a country

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

Krzysztof Komeda†

"It's free to die in Poland so I'll go back there," he said while walking a disused rail-road track in a largely disused part of a country largely populated by people no one had any use for. She said his eyes were dark green when he was sad, bright green when he saw a piano and almost black and questioning when he was dying. "But who can you ask?" she asked rhetorically. The dried out little fig tree in the corner stayed silent as did the umbrella and the worn boots. She drew a sad face in the dust between the cups, books, bottles and ashtrays and whistled one of his unwhistleable melodies. "He always said that his music wouldn't work without the images."

mirroring Earth's curvature full metal jacket

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

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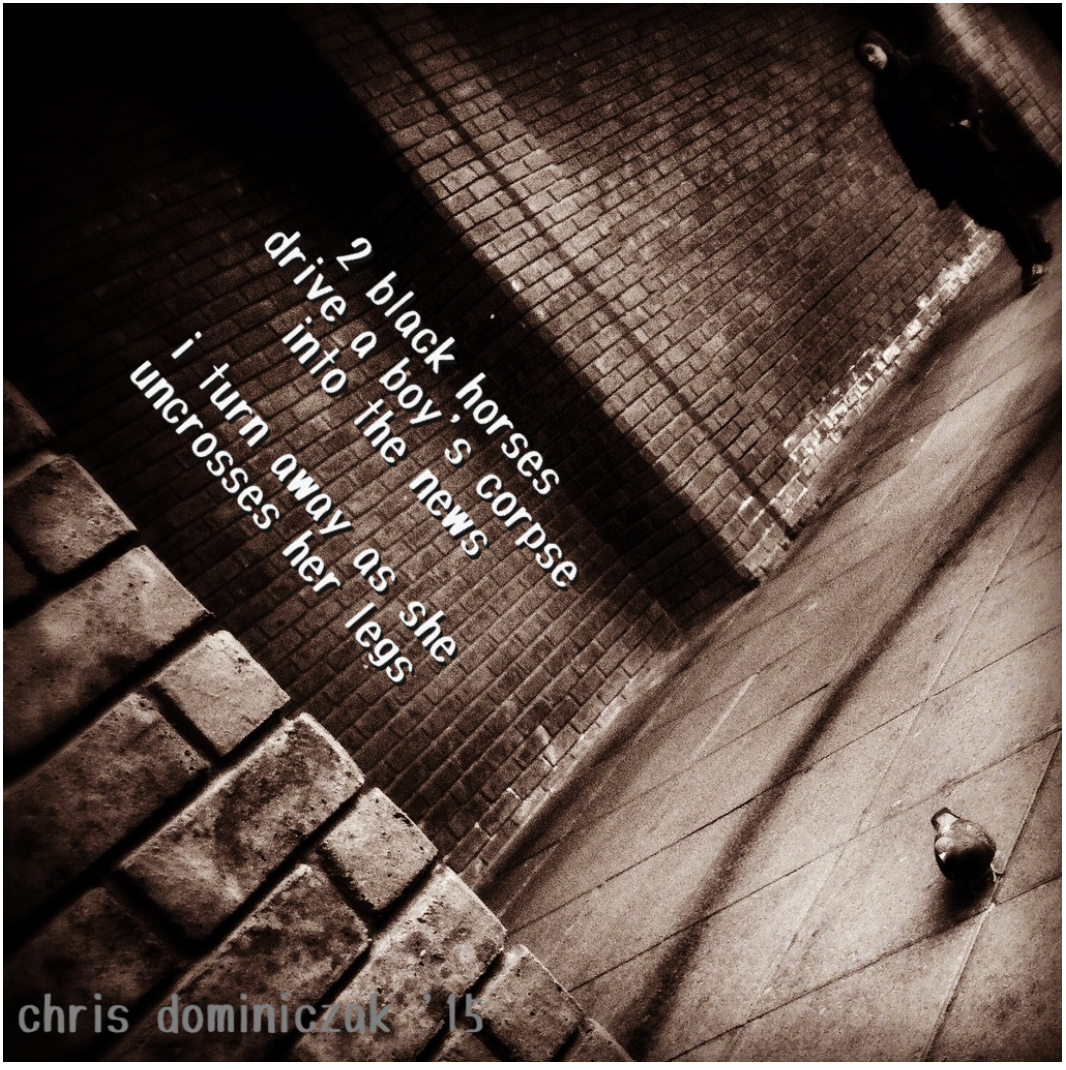
†*Krzysztof Komeda was a (Polish) composer of film scores who composed the music to Polanski's films*



CHRIS DOMINICZAK

zipped the fly
then the keys that open
darkness

JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

someplace ravaged
where no one goes anymore
I'm still
the town menace,
the riot in your smile

SCOTT ABELES

territory
fits me
& my radioactive
dog

JACK GALMITZ

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homeless Christ
at every bus stop
he is again

BRENT GOODMAN

Dreams

She calls me this morning, fear in her voice. "I dreamt of you last night. We were back at Treeview Drive. You were stuck in a sink hole full of snakes and I was trying to pull you out. You told me, 'Don't worry Mom, I'm ok.'" We hang up, I reach for a ciggy, light it...inhale, exhale. Again, an uneasy shroud begins to settle, the kind one can never truly shake off.

redemption?
I wash my eyes, still
stained sky

VERONIKA ZORA NOVAK

rainadirainadirainadir

dark energy
bird-like
the gravity
her mind
defies

HANSHA TEKI

where one tree ends birdsong

JULIE WARTHER

no one to tell God winter roses

CAROLYN HALL

why trace the line where our skin begins

BRENT GOODMAN

ten thousand white crosses
ten thousand shadows

SIMON HANSON

moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 4

together again
they all had them:
the same
heads

remembering
what it was like
before I knew

JULIE BLOSS KELSEY

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crayon set
no color for
mom's-normal-again

ROBERT EPSTEIN

the sublingual thermometer beeps mid-winter

CAROLYN HALL

moongarlic E-zine, Issue: 4

city a finch nothing

again
she looks at me with
those bookmark eyes

ROBERT EPSTEIN

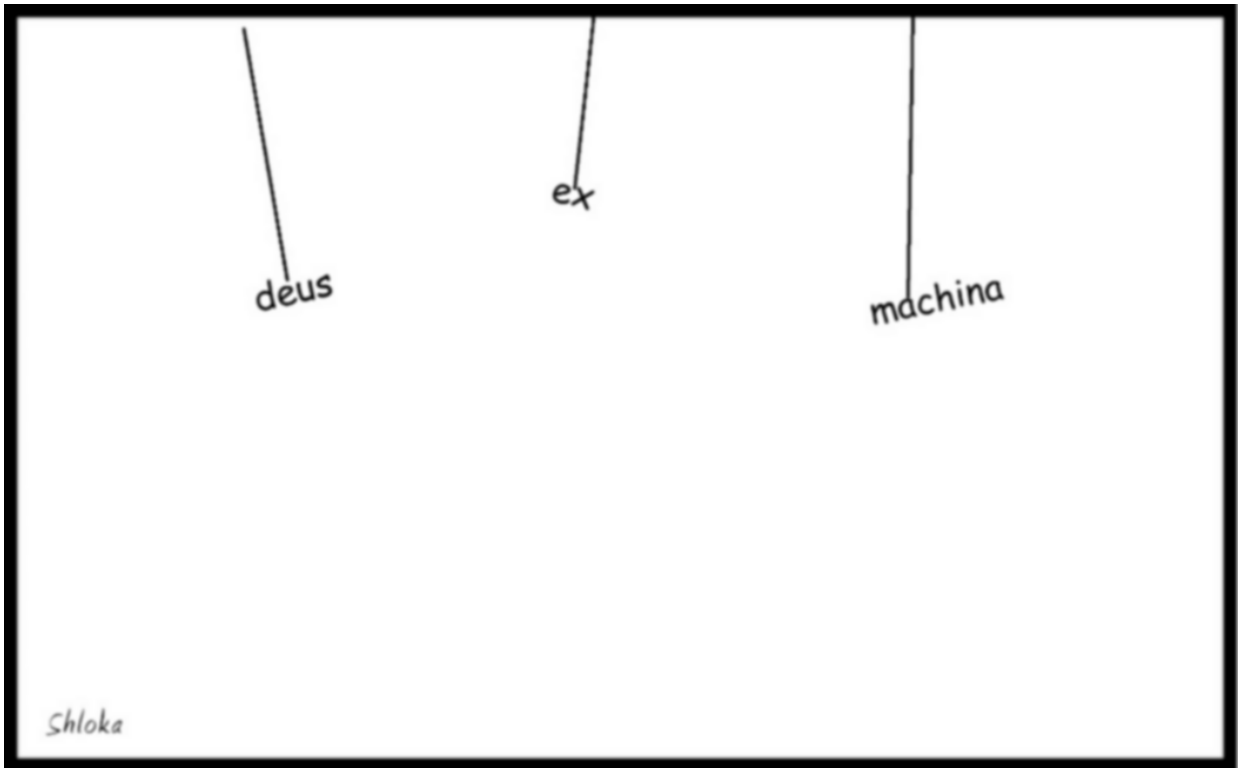
cold snap everything does

jealous of the frost
that bites her fingers

ROBERT PIOTROWSKI

tree snag—
not that much left
of us

DEBORAH P. KOLODJI



SHLOKA SHANKAR

for the war . . .
for the country . . .
breed

MARC THOMPSON

Submission Guidelines

moongarlic is a bi-annual E-zine publishing in May and November. Submissions are accepted during August for the November issue, and during February for the May issue. Submissions sent outside of these reading windows will be returned unread.

We are seeking contemporary imagist short-verse poetry, ku, one-line, tanka, sequences, haiga, sumi-e, art and photographs celebrating the new and alternative attitudes to these well established art forms. Experimentation is encouraged, but not at the expense of quality. Submissions will be judged on authenticity, originality and aestheticism. **Submissions should be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.**

Please submit up to 10 poems, haiga, sumi-e, art or photographs, or combination thereof. Poems should be in the body of the email. Haiga, sumi-e, art and photographs should be in jpeg format and sent as attachments. Please submit just 1 sequence per issue, either in the body of the email or as an attachment in .doc, .docx, .odt or .rtf format.

Submissions should be emailed to subs@moongarlic.org.

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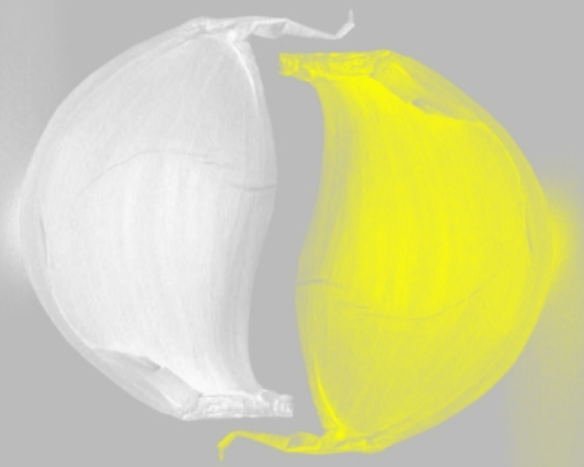

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